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CONTRIBUTED.

NOW.

Oh! wait not till the death dews
Have gathered on my brow,
If you have loving words for me,
I pray you speak them now.

If you have kindly thoughts of me,
Wait not till I am gone
To carve the praise, then useless,
Upon the cold head-stone.

If you have fragrant flowers
For friendship's sake to give,
Save them not for my dull coffin,
Let me have them while I live.

For words, the tenderest ever spoken,
And thoughts the kindest ever cast,
And flowers the sweetest ever broken,
Can naught avail a life that's past.

CONTRIBUTED.

QUOAD HOC.*

I want to be an angel,
'Twould certainly be nice,
But, Oh! my soul clings fondly
To that earthly Paradise.

I want to be an angel,
But not to-day, I think,
For I'm a happy sinner
With a pocketful of "chink."

I want to be an angel,
Filled with celestial fire,
But first I'll take a tuning
As a brassy, earthly liar.

I want to be an angel,
But this I would forego,
Till I have had some ninety years
Of glory vain below.

I want to be an angel
(Now this is quite sincere),
I want to be an angel,
But I want to stay right here.

Yes, I want to be an angel;
That is, I want to be
A heavenly being in the eyes
Of this college Faculty.

[*Vita sine literis mors est.—Ed.]

THE FRATE.

BY MARION WATROUS.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

ABOVE and around hangs the dense, black pall of impenetrable clouds, and amid the awful darkness and chaos, crashing, thundering, destroying, but in its very horror a promise of better things, a herald of New Day, rages the primeval storm. Ages pass. The years speed on and become as nothing in that mighty train which has its beginning with the beginning of all things; its end, Eternity.

And lo, the high-tossed waves are quieting, and something like a harbinger of dawn penetrates the leaden haze. The first rift in the clouds appears, a glimpse of glory beyond and a golden ray of sunlight falls down upon a cosmic world.

So amid darkness and chaos, have all momentous and sublime results been wrought. Throughout the ages, from the beginning until now, all great changes in the condition of humanity, as in the physical world about us, have ever been preceded by great agitation. Great peace by great turmoil. Great good by great evil. And, at a time when all christianity seemed utterly corrupt—came Savonarola.

Perhaps no man that has lived ever gave rise to so many conflicting and often unjust opinions, so many diverse judgments. Born of a noble family, and from his youth familiar with court life, the stern, deep-set eyes of the boy pierced through and through the glittering, frivolous mask, and saw beneath—wickedness. Italy had reached the culmination of vice and dis-

order. The church was disgraced in its head, and to Savonarola's sorrowing eyes, "all things seemed corrupt, and all men liars." If some hand were not stretched forth to save, the end must surely, swiftly come; and Italy, his motherland; Italy, beloved Italy; must sink in such a sea of sin as no man ever dreamed; be overwhelmed in gulfs whose depths and horrors none dare declare.

Is there no one to help, no one to save? Will none of the careless revellers see that destruction is hanging over them as surely as over Sodom, of old? He cries aloud to them of the impending danger. He calls upon them in the name of the Lord of Hosts to put aside their sins and repent. The mighty voice of the Friar rang through the Duomo, and the resounding, reverberating tones echoed and re-echoed throughout the land. Nobles, rulers, priests shrank in dismay before the warning, pursuing voice they could not still, the voice that exposed their vices, distinct and glaring, to all men. But to the humble and lowly he seemed a saint. And day after day, noble and peasant, priest and people, ruler and ruled, though often rebelling yet drawn on by some unseen power, gathered to hear his words.

In his own sorrow and deep indignation at the wickedness of this people, and firm confidence in the final triumph of right, lay his power. How could his belief in the pure God be other than one with the faith that all would be well with his people?

No Italian prototype of English Wycliff or German Luther, he, but something nobler, grander, a simple Christian. His delicate, sensitive organization could not have endured the shocks which only aroused antagonism in Luther. Compared with the German reformer, he seems an idealist. Each knew the horror of the deep realization of human sinfulness. Each passed through terrible years of fierce inward conflict. To each came the assurance of a divine providence, watching over all, caring for all. To Luther's calm judgment the blessed conviction brought peace and quiet. To Savonarola it brought a passionate joy. Strange, heavenly voices rang in his ears, bidding him preach, in the name of the Lord. The heavens rolled back like a scroll, showing him visions of regeneration. A great, wondering gladness filled his heart, that he, an unknown monk, should be called to the post of highest duty, chiefest danger. Luther, calm, strong, firm, brought

his mighty intellect to bear upon the momentous problem. Savonarola gave his heart.

There are men in whom to speak is to command. To lead is as natural as to draw the breath of life. Savonarola was such an one; possessing in the highest degree the power of impressing his beliefs on others, of asserting wide dominion over all minds that came in contact with his.

The fifteenth century was an age of great men. Florence, the mother of the greatest. Lorenzo, Machiavelli, Savonarola. Strangely discordant three! All strove to mould the destinies of Florence. Lorenzo died as he had lived, powerful, courted, flattered. Machiavelli died, eminent, celebrated, admired. Savonarola died, forsaken and betrayed, in misery and woe. Yet, in after years, his works are remembered when the others are forgotten. In viewing a painting by a master hand, distance dims the minor details, but throws out in bold relief the stronger characteristics. So, in looking back at those dark ages, the other figures and other events seem blent together but to form a more harmonious background for the monk of San Marco.

His was a nature born to elevate and ennoble. His that trustful faith to which no miracle seems impossible, no wonder inconceivable, except the mighty mystery than sin *can* be. He was not perfect, but not in vain did he lay his human hopes and suffering, bleeding heart upon the altar of his God. Yes, suffering, bleeding. In body as in spirit. Oh, men of Florence, could you not recognize your deliverer? could you not know your second Savior? Well have you named him Frate! The Frate, the brother; the brother of all mankind. Toiling in noble sorrow, one day his power so great that the highest tremble at his name, though the lowly bow in love and reverence, the next, the fickle tide had turned and he is led forth—to die.

* * * * *

A mandate comes from the head of the church. In denouncing evil he has denounced the Pope. For the Pope is a Borgia, evil incarnate. In awaking men to the corruption of the clergy he has launched a thunderbolt that shakes even Rome. And his crime, that most unpardonable crime of speaking the truth, and his sin, the sin of sacrificing his life to others, must be expiated by his life blood. So declares the church. So it is to be. The Prophet of God, the Minister of Florence, is to die a felon's death.

At the foot of the scaffold the bishop pronounces, with shaking voice, the awful sentence. "I separate thee from the church militant—and from the church triumphant." Savonarola turns and looks at the man who would part him forever from all hope of heaven, forever from that Savior who died for him; for whom he was to die. "Not from the church triumphant," rings in response the dear, deep tones of Frate, "that is beyond thy power." Not from the church triumphant! Oh, noble Christian, gone to thy rest; oh, suffering martyr, evermore at peace, not from the church triumphant!

All is over. The motly crowd that had come with jeers and yells to mock his degradation, turns away in silence, only knowing that the mighty heart is still, the brave voice hushed forever.

"Humanity sweeps onward; where today the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands.
Far in front the cross stands ready, where the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday, in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes, into History's golden urn."

Like the rift of glory through the clouds of the primeval storm, Savonarola shone on those stormy ages. Like its pure ray he enlightened the chaotic world.

Dust to dust. His body perished. But his spirit ever lives. The grand outlines of that noble figure come down to us through a long vista of years, the stronger for the distance. Disgraced and degraded he died, but none the less his name is shrined in brighter luster, kinglier glory. He bore the cross and won the crown.

THE PERPETUAL IN POETRY.

I. K. WILSON.—IOWA COLLEGE.

[Awarded First Honors.]

I

THE history of literature proclaims its philosophy. The law is, the survival of the fittest; that which would not be temporal, must have within it an eternal essence. In science or history the abiding interest may be the intrinsic value of the subject-matter; but in a deeper, truer sense of literature, genius must produce that which pleases alike by form and substance. The literary power, in its highest manifestation, produces poetry, the flower and sublimation of literature.

Dr. William Hayes Ward has defined poetry as "The verbal expression of thought under the paramount control of the principle of beauty." This beauty must be both in the thought and in the expression; and the chiefest form of beauty in thought, dominant over all others, is moral beauty. What is repulsive in morals, can not be beautiful and enduring in poetry; the lines may have an exquisite melody, yet the sentiment be atrocious. Such poetry, if poetry it be, lives only in the perverted taste it gratifies. That poet alone, who has the ability to exhibit and crown this moral beauty, may expect his achievements to be perennial. With no play upon words, no idle whim of fancy, he has an eye single to his purpose, and voices that. He perceives that "a breath of will blows eternally through the universe of souls, in the direction or right." Upon that trade-wind of the spirit he casts the burden of his song and lets it sweep along down the ages.

The poets have ever been regarded as leaders in creative thought, and have ever been revered as those who have penetrated the farthest into the mysteries of man and of the universe. They are, as Wordsworth says:

"Men endowed with highest gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine."

The poet's finer perceptions are aroused by grandeur and beauty; enthusiasms, emotions and longings are awakened that find no adequate expression short of the empyrean of poetic imagination. Nor is it enough that he should feel and be silent; he must create within the bosom of mankind, kindred desires, hopes and aspirations, and carry us with him to the mount of vision, to behold—

"A light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

II.

That which rhymes and scans cannot always be accepted as having been breathed from high Parnassus. To be true poetry it must teach with inspiration the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty. The poet follows the living thread of celestial thought, until in profound communion with the mighty plans of the Infinite, he exclaims with Kepler, "O God! I think Thy thoughts after Thee."

In lifting thus high the standard of poetry, we do not narrow its scope. God has set the whole world in a man's heart. Every phase of

life, every mood of the soul has had its genius. We recall one poet by his imagination, which was turbulent and somber; we think of another as light and sportive. One sings a bright and fanciful melody, full of tenderness and beauty; another solemnly chants a deeper passion, while the theme of another is death, and the awfulness of immortality. "One poet cheers us with the birth of childhood, and another awes us with the birth of creation." This one becomes the exponent of the actual, the next portrays the ideal. One bears us in his airy fancy up to the very portals of Heaven till we can almost hear the song of angels; another, with his stern imagination, drags us into the depths of Hell, where the writhing demons gnash upon us.

Investigation reveals that the highest flights of poetic imagination have been possible to those alone who have recognized man's supreme moral and spiritual nature. That poet must wait in vain for his star to guide him to immortal honor who does not embody in his poetry nourishment for man's higher sensibilities. Goethe and Schiller may have been nominally indifferent to the outward forms of religion, but their works are everywhere full of the highest moral sentiment. These elements give it an unconscious force; as Keats has said, it is "Like might half-slumbering on his own right arm." Like the deep undertone of a mighty organ that ever turns the mind to God, this divine chord sounds through all true poetry, guiding the soul in its endless quest after eternal truth. Without the moral sentiment, poetry lacks its grand end and aim, and dies with its echo. It may be as sweet as the Siren's song, but like it, alluring to danger; it may be as melancholy as the moaning of the wind, and as the wind goes, we know not whither, so such poetry leaves us in doubt, whether we find its influence or no. But when owning this keynote, no poetry is strange to us, however foreign; it is not absurd however wild; it may redeem the reckless phantasy of a Hindoo legend, or move us to call the singer of an Arab jargon, brother. In this respect does poetry reach the catholic spirit of humanity; in this is the "touch that makes the whole world kin."

The gems of universal literature shine with no reflected lustre, but are themselves radiants of perpetual power. So with the master-pieces of Dante and Milton. The *Divina Commedia* revealing more and more of its intrinsic worth

to the thinking world, as man brushes from it the dust of centuries and becomes imbued with the spirit of its author. It is not a narrow, crabbed, political poem, nor a terrible picture of infernal horrors; but in Dante's own words, "*The subject is man.*" We see his love for Beatrice, the symbol of divine wisdom and purity, leading him step by step down through the gate of Despair, across the Limbo that tremble with the sighs of hopeless longing, through the garrison of demons and furies, past the Hell of Violence; until the boiling blood-waves of the Plegathon passed, he toils painfully up the ascent of Purgatory, and ever onward and upward, following his divine guide, he at last reaches the seventh heaven of rest and delight. Dante above all others realized what the highest womanhood is to him who keeps a place sacred for her hallowed ideal. In Milton's mighty epic of the fall and redemption of man, he has struck the fundamental principle of human ambition and of human misery. Strong must have been the character that so engaged the forces of three worlds; so Milton has made his Satan mighty. The "Fallen Archangel" is the sublimest hero of literature. His splendid strength elicits our almost unbounded admiration; and in the grandeur of his rebellion, we could almost o'erleap the barriers of reverence and cry for the overthrow of the throne of God. Satan is the culmination of ambition; broken but not subdued, he yet hopes with sorrow to wring the infinite mind; and with his defiant, demoniac coronation speech, "Hail horrors, Hail infernal worlds!" he accepts the burning crown and begins to reign in what he hopes to make a rival of Heaven.

Shakespeare has been called the first and last great artistic physiologist of the passions. This was his power by virtue of the life of the spirit, which enabled him to reproduce sympathetically the whole range of human emotion within himself. He reveals the evolution of the passions in their sublimest refinements, even maintaining a moral proportion. No other genius has so entered into the souls of the guilty and seen their remorse and desperation of mind, and so shown us that the spirit of the wicked is "Like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, and whose waters cast up mire and dirt." In the despairing words of Wolsey, we hear the sad wail of an unrewarded ambition that had climbed to the topmost round of the ladder of fame, and then fallen, "never to hope again."

"O, Cromwell, Cromwell !
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

But, while graphically portraying the depraved man, he omits nothing of the grand and noble character. In sharp contrast with the shame, anguish and remorse, and the dull misery of exhausted vice, stands the almost angelic purity of a Cordelia or Constance. Honor and dishonor are shoulder to shoulder. Macbeth trembles at his "supernatural solicitings," and the guilty king of Denmark tries in vain to pray; but beside them stand Banquo and Hamlet, establishing confidence in a higher retributive justice. Lady Macbeth, Goneril and Regan might almost persuade us that truth and purity in woman is a myth; but the immaculate soul of Ophelia, and the chaste, loving spirit of Desdemona dispel that darkness and rescue the mind from its pessimistic wanderings.

Nor need we confine our scrutiny to the monumental works of literature, but may ask if there be anything in our own poets that the ages cannot bury. The teaching of the sweet harmony of the Quaker poet, the patriotism and the reverence, has found an echo in every heart. His is the "open vision." Through the mystic bower of verse, he reveals his God. The words of our revered Longfellow fall like drops of balm upon the troubled mind. The sad pathos of Evangeline will ever find weeping eyes. The wierd song of Hiawatha will never cease its reverberations along the enchanted stream. Excelsior has been engraven upon every soul, and the purpose of a nation has been swelled with the high ambition to leave "foot-prints on the sands of time." Such has been the trend of poetic teaching. The rolling thunder of Homer's verse is pregnant with martial and divine duty. Æneas, and Horace leaves his odes and jollity to breathe scathing satire upon the vices of his day. Passing over Dante, we soon see the star of English poetry rising out of the malarial fog of the dark ages, and presently we hear the chivalric story of knightly virtues crowned by chastity. But, as we advanced along the line, many are falling into unmarked tombs, to be forgotten, because they lacked the beauty of moral insight.

III.

The verdict of all the ages, the only true criterion, offers but one conclusion. Polished, cold and frozen verses glitter and dance for

awhile in the frigid light of an artificial age, but in the first zephyr of poetic thrill, they vanish into mist. The prettiness of the society poet is the merest stirring of the dry leaves; he is innocent of all purpose—dead to enthusiasm. He grinds and polishes the coruscating facts of nothing, and leaves them nothing still. At times the star of genius gleams for a moment, but it is only as the will-o'-the-wisp, or the play of the electric spark—leaving all darker than before. But let the subject be of high devotion or moral strength, and the barren waste is passed, dreamy delusions are forgotten, and the everlasting soul of man vibrates to its rhythm. "The true, the beautiful and the good" can not be divorced in poetry; out of holy aspirations and exalted purpose come the perennial songs.

The poet has sung in all places, and in every key. He has sung among the mountains, and beside the waves. He has looked among the stars for inspiration, or found it among the flowers. And while the echoes were ringing in his ears, he fell asleep; but his deathless melodies have kept reverberating in the soul of man, until the united chords have swelled into a mighty anthem, and all nature, all history, all life join in the chorus.

SCIENTIFIC.

PANAMA CANAL.

THE great inter-ocean canal that has been projected by the International Congress, planned, partly excavated, and well-nigh abandoned, all within the last ten years, seems at last to be in a fair way toward completion.

The original project of building a level canal between the two oceans has been for the time abandoned, on account of the immense amount of work necessary and the nearness of the time limit according to the grant of the Columbian government. Instead of it, a temporary lock canal will be completed as soon as possible, and afterward the canal will be dredged to the desired level.

By the first plan the length of the canal from Colon to Panama was to be 44 miles; its depth 28 feet, its width at the bottom 72 feet, and at the level of the water 130 feet. These are still to be carried out and the position of the canal itself will not be changed unless to better utilize the work that has already been done.

The work of the canal is in five divisions. Ten miles of the first or Colon division is now open to water. In the second the height of the land varies from 38 to 45 feet above the water level, and in the third division increases up to 325 feet of schistose rock. The fourth division presents the most formidable difficulties. It is the part so widely known as the great cutting of the Panama canal, or the Culubra division. Here it will require all of the skill and experience of the contractors to come off victorious over nature. It has been said that here they must cut through the masonry and cement that has held two continents together, despite the efforts of the sea. And there are not only masses of rock to blast away; but a kind of slippery clay underlies a large area and the whole upper stratum slips out of place, often undoing during the night what was done the day before. The fifth division requires little more than dredging. Part of each division is already excavated, and the government conceded in 1887 that half of the total work was done. But this total work includes besides the excavations, quarters for the laborers and employes, hospitals; and other requirements for the laborers; the plant of machinery; deflections to carry the water through the channel; etc. But these being finished the work can proceed more rapidly. It is thought that the government was very lenient in conceding one-half of this total work done.

The water question has been one of the problems. The Chagres river, having a swift current and a great volume of water in the rainy season, crosses the canal twenty-eight times, and the Rio Grande thirteen times. The rivers are to be deflected from their channels to each side of the canal. At Gamboa, in the third division, cutting off the upper Chagres, a barrage is to be constructed and an immense basin formed. Nature aids materially in this undertaking, for there are two ridges on either side of the river and a gentle, upward slope in the opposite direction, lacking only the one side to be a great natural basin. Its capacity will be more than one and a quarter billion cubic yards; double the amount of water that has ever been known in the worst rainy season. The outlet of this basin will be deflected to one side of the canal. It is thought that this will prevent all danger of overflow of the lower part of the river.

The temporary canal will be furnished with four locks on each slope, with a fall of 26 feet,

and it may be necessary to add a fifth. The water needed for the lower locks can probably be furnished by the rivers and the basin at Gamboa. But for the higher ones it must be forced to the level required. But before that one must be met, so many greater difficulties will have been overcome, and in other scientific enterprises already have been, that it is not considered much of an obstacle. Even the lock canal can not be ready for the passage of ships before 1892, when the grant expires, if it can be accomplished by that time.

There are, according to one account, 11,593 laborers employed, chiefly Chinese and Negroes from Brazil and a few from the southern states, at wages of \$1.50 per day. There are two hospitals at Colon and Panama, thirty physicians and fifty apothecaries, a physician being assigned to each section of the work. The cost, including the liabilities of the company, which are very heavy, has been computed at \$602,939,080. As so much is at stake now that will probably be met.

SELECTED.

DR. ASA GRAY, the eminent botanist, died at his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, January 30th, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, after an illness of about a month. He was born in Paris, Oneida county, New York, in 1810; studied medicine, and received the degree of M. D. in 1831, but never engaged in practice; became an assistant in the chemical laboratory of Dr. John Torrey in 1833; and a little later was appointed curator in the Lyceum of Natural History. His first botanical writings were descriptions of sedges and of certain plants of northern and western New York. In the "Elements of Botany," published in 1836, he showed that he had already views of his own, which he was not afraid to utter, even though they might be different from those of the then recognized authorities in science. From that time till the end of his life he worked with unceasing activity and growing fame, and for many years he has been recognized as one of the leading botanists of the world. His numerous works are well known to all readers and students, and can not be catalogued in a note. It is enough to say of them that whichever class of them we regard, they have never been excelled.

The Peabody Museum. The latest—the

twentieth annual report of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology—records the complete affiliation of that institution with Harvard University, by the installation of its curator, Dr. F. W. Putnam, as professor there. This position imposes no duties which the curator of the museum has not already performed, they consisting only of the delivery of one or more courses of lectures annually; but it brings the museum more closely into the general system of the university. The archaeological work, which the museum has in hand, includes explorations in Nicaragua and Costa Rica, through the co-operation of Dr. Earl Flint, in the course of which many relics, including some of jade, have been recovered, and human foot-prints have been found in volcanic tufa sixteen feet below the surface; continued explorations by Dr. C. C. Abbott, in New Jersey, which have yielded, in fragments of human skeletons associated with the stone implements in the glacial gravel, the earliest record of man on the Atlantic coast; the explorations of the shell-heaps of Maine, under Dr. Putnam's personal supervision, have brought to light many interesting facts relative to the early occupation of New England by man; the ethnological researches of Miss Alice C. Fletcher, among the Omaha and Sioux Indian, which is growing into a history of the tribes, with a description of their social and religious customs; and the explorations in the mounds and burial places of the Scioto and Little Miami valleys of Ohio—the most extensive and systematic of the museum's explorations—which have yielded extremely rich results in illustrating the life and customs and rituals of the people to whom they appertained. To these may be added the decipherment and translation, by Mrs. Zella Mittall, of a number of the Mexican codices and inscriptions.

[A new thermometer for measuring the temperature of the air has been constructed by R. Assmann. In order to protect it from the influences of radiation and other sources of heat, he inserts the bulb of the thermometer in a metal tube which is open at its lower end. An aspirator is fastened to the tube near the bulb, and a continuous current of air of about seven feet velocity passes the latter. Thus it assumes the true temperature of the atmosphere. The tube is made of highly polished nickel-plated brass in order to protect it from radiation. Experiments show the thermometer to give entire

satisfaction. Two instruments, one of which was exposed to the sun in July while the other was shadowed, showed the same temperature. A dry and wet thermometer being inserted in the tube, it serves as hygrometer in the same way as the ordinary thermometer. Undoubtedly the device is superior to the arrangement of the thermometer now in general use.

Professor W. Mattieu Williams offers as a better explanation than the old one of the zigzag course of lightning, that owing to variations of moisture the conducting power of different portions of air is variable, and the electric discharge follows the course of least resistance.

ALUMNI.

[The names of the alumni are not given in the 1888 Catalogue.]

'73. Prof. Stalker has spent much time the past winter in draughting a bill for the purpose of remodeling the existing quarantine laws, and those respecting the duties of the State Veterinary Surgeon. He personally presented his plans to the Legislative Committees on Agriculture, explaining their utility and the urgent need of revision of the present laws.

'74. Recognizing the advantage of having an Alumnus among the Board of Trustees, the Legislature wisely selected Dr. C. D. Boardman, of Odebolt, for the position.

'75. H. R. Patrick is engaged in civil engineering business at Phoenix, Arizona, where he has large mining interests.

'76. A. B. Shaw, in a few neat sentences, presented the name of J. P. Dolliver to the Republican State Convention as a delegate at large.

'77. J. B. Hungerford prints *THE AURORA*.

'77. Prof. G. I. Miller, Superintendent of the Boone schools, chartered a special train to convey his corps of teachers and a large delegation of his pupils to Des Moines this winter, to visit the State House and see the law-makers at work.

'80. Carrie Lane Chapman has been lecturing the past winter in Iowa and Nebraska. She is a great success.

'80. We learn of the death of Dr. R. M. Nicholson, Assistant State Veterinary Surgeon.

'81. "Judge Tom Burke" is the legal title of the college poet since the city election of Des Moines.

- '81. T. W. Shearer is rustivating in Texas.
- '82. G. W. Catt is one of the most expert bridge contractors on the Pacific Slope, and has a salary of \$3,000 per annum.
- '82. Etta Budd spent the cold months in Southern California with her parents, the Professor and wife.
- '82. County Superintendent C. F. Saylor, and ex-State Superintendent Akers, have bought Calanan College at Des Moines, and will open it in September with increased facilities, admitting both sexes.
- '83. C. H. Keigley's law shingle waves in the breeze at Colfax, Iowa, as does A. M. Miller's at Des Moines.
- '84. L. M. Garrett is a police court clerk in Des Moines.
- '85. L. G. Brown is in Cleveland, Ohio, working for a bridge company. He has until recently been in the employ of the B. & M. Railway Company as a C. E.
- '85. C. Cary is practicing veterinary medicine in Keokuk.
- '85. G. F. Goodno is pursuing the study of chemistry in Boston.
- '85. D. L. Hutchinson is engaged in civil engineering in Washington Territory.
- '85. C. B. Lockwood is married and living in Connecticut.
- '85. L. M. McCoy orders THE AURORA sent him at Spokane Falls, W. T. He is engaged in mining engineering in that place at a salary of \$100 per month. He reports that he is much pleased with the country.
- '85. C. E. Underhill is practicing law in Monona county.
- '85. W. M. Hays has been appointed to fill a very important position in the Minnesota Experimental Station.
- '86. J. W. Bradford, the recent Democratic candidate for County Superintendent of Chicasaw county, is teaching in the Grammar department of the school at Nashua, Iowa, and orders THE AURORA sent to that place.
- '86. W. E. Gamble is having a very successful practice at What Cheer, Iowa.
- '86. E. S. Richman is an assistant director of the experimental station at Fayetteville, Arkansas.
- '86. H. L. Chatterton is practicing veterinary medicine at Anamosa, Iowa. "Chat" is at his old tricks. We noticed in a recent State Register an account of a Farmers Institute held in that place in which "Dr. H. L. Chatterton read a

paper on—(we have forgotten what.) It would have been well received had it been plainly written, but it was couched in language so scientific that the majority of his hearers could not grasp the thought."

'86. G. A. Johnson, Assistant State Veterinary surgeon, Odebolt, Iowa.

'87. Dr. Frank Graves, East Des Moines, Io.

'87. Chas. Curtiss was a delegate from Story county to the State Convention.

'87. "Doc" Frater passed through Des Moines recently with a far away look in his eye, and a college diploma in his "grip," bound for Kansas City to look for work.

'87. "Prof. Kirkpatrick will meet the Freshman class in rhetoric etc.," explains itself.

'87. N. E. Hansen rides a white mule and sells fruit trees for an Atlantic firm.

'87. G. S. Govier won't subscribe for THE AURORA when asked and so we won't say that he has a fine position with King Bridge Co., at Des Moines.

The local editor of THE AURORA will be very grateful to any old student who will forward any items of interest concerning our alumni. It is our aim to make this department worthy of its name and we can do so only through your co-operation. We are so unfortunate as to know but few of our alumni personally, but with the aid of each one of you we hope to make it more interesting than in the past. Let each alumnus who reads this send in some items.

PROF. LOISETTE'S MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Prof. Loiset's new system of memory training, taught by correspondence at 237 Fifth Ave., New York, seems to supply a general want. He has had two classes at Yale of 200 each, 350 at Oberlin College, 300 at Norwich, 100 Columbia law students, 400 at Wellesley College, and 400 at University of Penn., &c. Such patronage and the endorsement of such men as Mark Twain, Dr. Buckley, Prof. Wm. R. Harper, of Yale, &c., place the claim of Prof. Loiset upon the highest ground.

Secretary Balfour used to be known in school and at college as Clara Balfour.

The wife of the painter Hermann Kaulbach of Munich, has received the gold medal of the Order of Merit of the Bavarian Crown for having, at the risk of her own life, saved a young man from drowning.

THE AURORA.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
LITERARY SOCIETIES
 OF THE
 IOWA STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

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W. E. WARWICK, Bus. Manager,
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EDITORIAL.

IT is with fear and trembling that we grasp the editor's pen and endeavor to jot down a few items that will safely pass the ceaseless fire of the clamorous public. We are cast adrift on what to us is an untried and boistrous sea. Like one groping in the darkness, we slowly feel our way from line to line, scarce knowing what to do or say next. But notwithstanding all forbodings, if the printer can translate or interpret the hieroglyphics which flow from our trembling quill, we are certain they will occupy space.

* * *

Our readers will notice the AURORA has taken a new form since last year, having twice the reading matter on each page, and, we believe, will be approved by all so far as form and size go. We shall look for the old subscribers and many new ones, and sincerely hope for financial success this season.

* * *

Through the untiring efforts of Mr. Wright,

the constitution of the Oratorical Association was so amended that Seniors from this college are eligible to the state contest. We vigorously shout Amen! to all such moves. The societies are indebted to their delegates. This action puts us on a level with other institutions in the state. Previously our Juniors have been compelled to contest against their neighbor Seniors. Now it may be Senior against Senior if the suggestions or implications of the amendment are carried out.

* * *

Owing, perhaps, to his overflowing treasury, Uncle Sam has at last opened up his heart and poured out \$15,000 as an annual donation to each Agricultural College in the Union, for the purpose of establishing experimental stations. How long the donation will continue no one can tell. It is thought by some that it will last, at least, for eight or ten years, and if the tariff (Republican policy) hold out there is no telling. The time may be extended to infinity. However, if the appropriations are properly employed and good results follow the investigations made, the United States will probably be most liberal with its money. The status of the stations, as adopted by the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Stations, which met in Washington, last October 18-21, is as follows:

1st. That all appropriations received under what is called the "Hatch bill" should be applied in good faith to agricultural research and the dissipation of the results thereof among the people, and that any diversion of funds to the general use of the colleges would be a direct violation of the plain spirit and intent of the law and an inexcusable disappointment of just public expectation.

2d. That the Experiment Station should be so far separate and distinct from the college that it shall be possible at any moment to show to any authorized inspector or investigator that all the funds derived from the United States under the Hatch bill have been expended solely for the purposes of agricultural experimentation according to the intent of the law.

3d. That every department to be known and designated as an "Agricultural Experimental Station" should be distinctly organized, with its duties and control properly defined, and with a recognized official head, whose time shall be chiefly devoted to this department, who should be on equal footing with the other heads of de-

partments or professors of the college, and whose compensation should recognize the fact that the duties of the position occupy every month of the year.

The fourth provision of the statute says that the publications of the stations should be entirely separate from those of the college. These bulletins are to give their readers the results of experiments as fast as they are completed. They are to enlarge on the practical points, when suggested by work done, even to the extent of repeating well known principles and facts when these need to be taught.

The Legislature of Iowa, acting according to Section I. of the Organic National law of March 2nd, 1887, have located their station as a department at Ames. According to the laws passed by the Trustees, the Director of this department has the same independence of action that heads of other departments have. It is recommended that a standing committee of three should be appointed and that the general line of experiment should be approved by the Board of Trustees and perhaps more specifically by this standing committee. Yet the final detailed plan of conducting the work should be made and executed by and under the general charge of the Directors. Also that special lines of experiment in Botany, Chemistry, Zoology, Entomology, Veterinary science, Agriculture and Horticulture may properly be carried on by the Director, at the expense of the station, but under the immediate technical supervision of the heads of these several departments; so far only, however, as it can be made thus better to promote the common aims of experimentation and publication of results by the station on the one hand, and instruction and illustration by these other departments of the college. Also that this must be largely a matter of accommodation and agreement between the Director, who is responsible to the Trustees and to the public for the success of the station, and the individual heads of these departments, who are responsible only for the character and quality of their instructions. There are no set rules compelling co-operation of Director and the heads of the several departments. But, as we have said, they are carried on by the Director at the expense of the station. In some states these experiments are to be carried on in such a way that the college gets more of the praise for results obtained. It would probably be difficult to say which system is the better until trials

are made. Like the station itself, it is a matter of experiment.

R. P. Speer has been elected Director at this place, his salary to be \$2,200 per annum. This station, though really not a part of the college, yet is so constructed that any interest manifested toward it can hardly avoid giving more notice to the college proper. We believe the college will grow more popular on that account. Would the Legislature kindly endow the Trustees with power to erect a fine ladies' hall on the college domain, there might be an immense addition to the lode-stone now acting on the youths of Iowa who are seeking to gain knowledge and wisdom. THE AURORA is always anxious to see improvement in her college. The comparatively new structures which today meet our eye as we glance to the southeast and northwest, show that the I. A. C. has prospered, is prospering, and will prosper.

* * *

Some marked changes have taken place at the college during the past winter. The courses are changed from year to year, seemingly for the better each time. The Senior class this year have a wider scope from which to select studies than their predecessors. The change which most interests us is that of teachers.

Elocution has changed hands, and we are pleased with the instruction thus far. The physical exercises inspire the students with new life, bring joy to the round shouldered in that they have discovered how to make themselves straight, and awaken the sleepy Senior who has been nodding over Geology all the afternoon. French and German are carried on with excellent success. The boys who tried to brave the storms of the "German Sea" in '87, say there is a remarkable calm after the frequent storms of that dry season, and seem much pleased that they have had the courage to go on with the work. They who lost faith by last year's experience lament that they, too, are not classified as Dutchmen. The Agricultural course has a specialist to carry it through the storms and tempests of the season, and we predict, or at least hope, that department will flourish as of old when Prof. Knapp was at its head. There is a broad field for educated agriculturists in the state, and the time ought to come when farmers hold the balance of power. The students of mechanics report favorably on the new foreman of the shops. Their master is always in sight and when the hands are through with

assigned work something else is always awaiting them. Thus the busy rolling machinery loses no time and instruction reaches a higher maximum. The music department has also changed hands. Miss Pike comes highly recommended. We know nothing of music, but are able to tell when the sounds from the pipe organ strike favorably on the ear, and are much more pleased with the tone of the choir this year than last. On the whole it seems the Trustees made wise changes all through, and the new professors are worthy of their place.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

THE Cornellian prints an interesting debate on the "party question." Evidently the young Republican will have to express his argument in stronger terms or give up the race.

We notice in the Fayette Collegian (which is one of the neatest and best papers on our table) an outline of the benefits derived from debate. This outline strikes us exactly. But we wish to say a word in regard to the preparation of those who take part in the discussion. Many do not spend time enough in studying the question. They do not indulge in research. The benefits will be lacking unless work is given to the preliminary arrangement. Then we say make ready for the occasion. Be able to defend yourself vigorously and understandingly.

The Messenger, Richmond, Va., contains an article on "Success" from which we clip the following: "It is a mistaken idea that men are born great; the life of every truly great man has been one of intense and incessant labor. He has commonly passed the first half of his life in the gross darkness of indigent humility, overlooked, mistaken, condemned by weaker men, thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted, feeling something within him which told him that he should not always be kept down among the dregs of the world. Then after years of toil and hardship and he has gained the pinnacle of success and bursts out into the light of public gaze, rich with the spoils of time and mighty in all the labors and struggles of mind, it is then that the people call him 'a miracle of genius.'"

We have just received a new piece of music called "Silver Bell Waltz" by the popular composer, Charley Baker, which we can recommend to our readers as very good, it not being too dif-

ficult and at the same time very showy. It can be played on the piano or organ, and will be sent at the special price of only eleven two cent stamps. Address J. C. Groene & Co., 30 and 46 Arcade, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LOCAL.

COLLEGE CHAT.

HI there !
We make our bow.

And like all children are proud of our new clothes.

Never has a college year opened with brighter prospects.

Hep! Hep! is now heard on Wednesday and Friday afternoons.

A few adventurous pairs have tried the campus social hours.

Who says THE AURORA in its present form is not an honor to the I. A. C.?

Again the faculty has suffered change and all remark on the great improvement.

Billy still collects the dimes and John Woods welcomes his twentieth Freshman class.

Mr. Rapp returned to finish his course of study but "had to make other arrangements."

Soon will the foot ball gambol on the green, and the green Freshman gambol on the foot ball.

Most of the dormitory rooms have been neatly calsomined recently, adding much to their appearance.

The Freshman class numbers about 100 and is said to be remarkable for its general intelligence and its homely girls.

Tom Morris was a delegate from Adams county to the state Republican convention at Des Moines, March 21st.

Misses Yeisly and Stevens, of the Sophomore class, are studying Descriptive Geometry—a branch seldom pursued by ladies.

George Meissner assisted his uncle in the discharge of his duties as Secretary of State, in Lincoln, Nebraska, during vacation.

Fred Dobbin spent the earlier part of the winter traveling in Nebraska for a Des Moines publishing house. It is said that he is quite an expert in this line, but the work seems to have

quite exhausted the latent energy of his mustache, as it sickened and died soon after his return.

Verily the leap year worketh wonders. The dining hall sports more mixed tables this term than it has had since the advent of '88.

Jessie Gaston is the popular bill-clerk of the lower House of the Legislature and owing to official duties will not return to college this term.

The batillion has been organized with the following captains in charge: Fred Dobbin, Charlie Bartholomew, Nat Spencer and Will Gladson.

Misses Vera Sullivan and Sherman Yates held committee clerkships during the Legislature, and Frank McNett was employed as clerk in one of the State offices.

Mark Johnson, who was an "owl-eye" in '85, is now a member of a prosperous business firm in Colfax, Iowa. He remembers THE AURORA in a beneficent manner.

Despite the caution taken by the college authorities to prevent the introduction of the disease, measles of a mild form is holding its annual convention here.

We regret to learn that Jim Davidson, for unavoidable reasons, will not return to the college this term. He is teaching school at present at Newton, Nebraska.

Misses Hattie Elden and Minnie Roberts visited a few days in Des Moines and the state capitol with the latter's father, Representative Roberts, of Harrison county.

Pres. Chamberlain has been engaged in lecturing and Farmer's Institute work during the past winter. The press of the State speak very highly of his labors in that line.

As usual, there are not books enough in the department to supply all classes at once. Some whole classes are delayed in their work because the books were not ordered at the proper time.

Capt. Lincoln now dispenses weather tidings from the top of a most unbecoming staff, which has been erected near the tomb of '76, on the campus. The service will prove a great addition to the military department.

It was hoped that the present Legislature would answer the modest request of this college, by making a suitable appropriation for a ladies' hall. With the apparatus and faculty of this in-

stitution, we should have 500 students in attendance instead of half that number.

The Juniors are in a dilemma as to what article of apparel to adopt to distinguish them from Freshman and Faculty. One hopeful laid the case before the assistant Professor of Chemistry, who advised them to "get a little common sense." Good suggestion, but for the reaction.

To the regret of all, Mary Ross returned to the college with her class only to bid her many friends adieu and take a farewell look at the old halls. She goes soon to join her people in Southern California, and all her many friends here unite in wishing her a *bon voyage* and happiness in her newly chosen home.

Since we are now able to meet other colleges on an equal footing, we may hope for better results. The decision of the judges, as usual, disappointed the audience; and the oration receiving the first honors is printed in this issue. The next contest will be held at Cornell College the last Thursday in February, 1889.

The literary societies begin the term by issuing invitations to the new students. All should join a society; the one in particular each chooses to unite with matters little, as we haven't a society which is not an honor to our college; although as before, our present administration does not mention their existence in the 1888 catalogue.

The Agricultural Experiment Station, established here by a recent act of Congress, with an annual appropriation of \$15,000, is to be in charge of Capt. Speer, of the Board, who has been elected to that position with a neat little salary of \$2,200. John Craig has been chosen as assistant experimentalist. A building is soon to be erected for the purpose of the work.

Roxy Bennett died at his home in Des Moines the first part of January. Just having graduated with honors, he stepped forth into his chosen ranks only to sicken and die. His quiet, manly disposition made him very popular in his circle of acquaintances; and but few knew that during his last year here he was a constant sufferer. Prof. Stalker and many of his classmates attended the funeral.

All friends of the college heartily commend the action of the Legislature in the re-election of Hon. J. S. Clarkson to the Board of Trustees of this institution. While many of the papers of the State have taken a seeming pride in publishing slanderous articles depreciating the work

of the I. A. C., the State Register has always been its firm friend, and this is a most fitting recognition of its eminent service.

As the juniors return from their long vacation and take up the work of a new term, the radiant face of one of the most promising young men, who had plodded with them through two college years and stood among the foremost of his fellows, is missed. O. I. Cutler was buried at his home in Belmont Christmas day. Just emerging from boyhood, with the rosy blush of health upon his face, it is difficult to realize that he is with us no longer. An excellent student and a genial companion, he won and held the cordial friendship of his teachers, classmates, and all who knew him.

The State Oratorical contest is once more a thing of the past; and, although the I. A. C. representative did not receive especial honors, had he given his production the same delivery he did on our home contest last fall, there is but little doubt but that he would have been one of the delegation to represent the State at Greencastle next May. Our delegation to Iowa City was very hospitably entertained, and the courtesy shown us by other college delegates in adopting the amendment to the State Constitution, mentioned elsewhere in this issue, was thankfully received.

We wish to call the attention of all students to the fact that THE AURORA is distinctly the student's journal of this college, and is barely self supporting. To make it so that we can get out at the end of the year with the debts and credits equal, we need the subscription of every student in this college, the faculty, one-third of our alumni, and also liberal advertisements. "One good turn deserves another," and the Ames merchants and others who see fit to encourage us by advertising in our paper, should have our united patronage, and those who do not should be boycotted. Let the students glance over the advertisements in this issue and show in a substantial way that advertising, even in THE AURORA, pays.

WHAT THEY ALL DO THIS YEAR.

Scott Bradford jerks the bell rope, Bishop plays the jingle, Mrs. Graves slings the hash, Peck Sheldon sorts the letters, Allen gathers in the unsuspecting freshy, Hulse rakes in shekels for Capt. Lincoln, Bosquet dispenses quinine and sugar-coated pills, Gyde mails cata-

logues, and Thompson's versatility guides the visitor through the labyrinths of the I. A. C.

"HE GETS THERE, JUST THE SAME."

Though our Freshman may be verdant
And unused to college ways,
Though he greets the older students
With a most admiring gaze,
Though he is late at chapel
And the proctor gets his name,
When he's visted the faculty
He'll get there just the same.

Our Sophomores now learnedly
Call water, H₂ O',
And as they smash the test tubes cry,
"Gallagher, let 'er go."
But although "Chem." may down them,
And "bugs" may make them lame,
When they come to faking
They'll get there just the same.

The Juniors now are longing
To make a little mash,
Though their heads are minus knowledge
And their pockets void of cash,
They imagine they will reach
The heights of social fame,
But its extremely doubtful
If they get there just the same.

The Senior, grave, his plug hat sports;
His mustache sickly looks;
But little does his brain contain
Of what is learned in books;
He thinks, of course, he owns the earth,
And mundane things are tame,
But we notice when the jingle rings
He gets there just the same.

The faculty—

NOTE.—At this point we go to press.

CHANGES IN FACULTY.

Several changes have been made in the faculty for this year. Miss Stockman, Miss Gaff, Miss Eaton and Fremont Turner all having retired at the close of last year. The newly elected teacher of French and German is Miss Lillie M. Gunn, a very pleasant lady, who is also preceptress. She took a full course of study at "The Gunnery," one of the best known schools of Connecticut, and after graduation taught French and German several years in that institution. Some of her pupils there have since taken first prize in German at Harvard University. She gives excellent satisfaction in her work here.

Miss Eva T. Pike, teacher of instrumental and vocal music, is a valuable acquisition to our teaching force. A graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music, four years a teacher of music in Mt. Holyoke College, two years in the

Maine Wesleyan College, and two years in the East Maine Conference Seminary, she comes highly recommended and has made a very favorable impression on her pupils. Two vocal classes have been organized—one for beginners and one for more advanced students.

Prof. Loren P. Smith, a graduate of Cornell University, the leading scientific institution of the East, was chosen last November by the Board to fill the chair of Agriculture. A long search had been made to secure a proper man, one in whom was combined both theoretical and practical knowledge of scientific agriculture, and as Prof. Smith has been a successful farmer since graduation, it is thought no better man could be secured for the position. He is a genial appearing gentleman and has taken his work in hand with much zeal.

The new foreman of the workshops, Mr. A. J. Weichardt, took the M. E. degree at Lehigh University, Penn. He has introduced a new *regime*, and requires the boys to be prompt at their work and is a very enthusiastic instructor.

SPELLING REFORM.

The State Teacher's association at its annual meeting in Cedar Rapids last winter, adopted the following simplified spellings as the basis for a little spelling reform of its own and pledged the association to the use of the same: Ar for are; gard for guard; shal for shall; hav for have; hed for head; definit for definite; wil for will; giv for glve; liv for live; wisht for wished; tho for though; catalog for catalogue and thru for through—thirteen changes in all.

The Cedar Rapids Republican very truly remarks that if this so-called reform is ever to be fairly and thoroughly tested by the public it will have to be taken up by the newspapers. It gives it a practical trial in a recent issue, "hence the seemingly regardless spelling" in that day's paper. It says:

Of course the first thought of our readers will be one of protest against this departure from "the old way," but after they shall have gotten somewhat used to the absence of the final "e," "ough" etc., can they bring themselves to say, "the changes are sensible and should be generally adopted? That's the question."

Or the question is rather: Can they be generally adopted? A reform in spelling is unquestionably desirable. But unless taken hold of universally where the English language is spoken, it will prove almost impossible of adoption.

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SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

The four Literary Societies meet in their respective halls every Saturday evening at 7:30 P. M. All are invited to attend.

CLIOLIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

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HATTIE ELDEN.....Cor. Secretary

BACHELOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

J. E. GYDE.....President
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CHAS. W. HUNT.....President
BELLE NEWELL.....Cor. Secretary

CRESCENT LITERARY SOCIETY.

W. L. THOMPSON.....President
G. H. SCHULTE.....Cor. Secretary

SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS.

Meets in Engineering Hall at 7 P. M. every second and fourth Friday of each month. Those interested in engineering are cordially invited.

W. E. WARWICK.....President
S. S. HOWELL.....Secretary

VETERINARY MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Meets in Sanitary Hall at 7 P. M. every second and fourth Friday of each month. All interested in this line cordially invited.

J. TILLE.....President
A. E. BOSQUET.....Secretary